

The Yazoo Democrat.

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VOLUME I.

YAZOO CITY, MISSISSIPPI, SATURDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 20, 1858.

NUMBER 12.

Professional Cards.

A. M. HARLOW,
Attorney at Law,
YAZOO CITY, MISSISSIPPI.
Will practice in the Probate and Circuit Courts of Yazoo and Holmes Counties; and, also, in the High Court of Errors and the Superior Courts held at Jackson.
[Oct. 25-ly]

D. W. SANDERS,
Attorney at Law,
LEXINGTON, HOLMES COUNTY, Mississippi.
September 11th, 1858.

C. F. HAMER & HENDERSON,
Attorneys at Law,
YAZOO CITY, MISS.
Will give prompt attention to all business entrusted to them in the Circuit and Probate Courts of Yazoo, Holmes and Madison, and the Superior Courts held at Jackson.
Sept. 1, 1858.

J. H. BURRILL & J. M. ARMISTEAD,
Attorneys at Law,
YAZOO CITY, MISS.
Sept. 1, 1858.

W. S. EPPERSON,
Attorney at Law, Yazoo City, Miss.
And Commissioner for Louisiana.
Will practice in the Courts of Yazoo, and the other counties comprising the Fifth Judicial District, and the Courts at Jackson.
Office near the Court House.
September 1, 1858.

J. T. RUSSELL,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
Yazoo City, Miss.
Will practice in the courts of Yazoo and adjoining counties and the Superior Court at Jackson. Collections promptly attended to.
[Oct. 1-58]

R. S. G. P.,
Attorney at Law,
Yazoo City, Mississippi.
Will practice in the Circuit Courts of Yazoo, Holmes and Madison counties; and, also, in the Superior Courts held at Jackson.
[Sept. 1, 1858]

W. BROOKE & A. K. SNEDES,
Attorneys at Law, Vicksburg, Miss.
Will continue to practice their profession in the Circuit, Chancery and Probate Courts of Warren County, at Vicksburg; Washington County, at Greenville; Bolivar County, at Wellington; Issaquena County, at Tallula; and the Supreme and Federal Courts at Jackson.
[Sept. 1, 1858]

DR. A. F. MAGRUDER,
Having located permanently, professes his professional services to the citizens of Yazoo City and the adjacent country.
Office, the front room over Taylor's store.
October 1—19-58.

DR. J. H. WILSON,
Offers his services to the citizens of Yazoo City and vicinity.
Office at P. B. Cook & Co's Drug Store. He can be found at night at the residence of Mrs. Cardwell.
[Sept. 1, '58 ly]

DR. HOLMES & YANDELL,
Have associated themselves in the practice of Medicine, and respectfully tender their services to the citizens of Benton and surrounding country.
Benton, Miss., Sept. 1, 1858.

HENRY LAURENCE,
DENTIST.
Office on Main Street, Yazoo City.
References:
Drs. Leake & Barnett, Yazoo City.
E. Townsend, M. D., Philadelphia.
J. B. McClellan, M. D., New Orleans.
W. H. Knapp, Mobile.
J. C. Nott, M. D., Yazoo City, September 1, 1858.

P. B. COOK & CO.,
Wholesale and Retail
BOOKSELLERS & STATIONERS
Paints, Oils and Glass, Garden Seeds, &c
Yazoo City, Sept. 1, 1858.

Lighting Rods, Pumps & Gutters.
The undersigned is prepared to furnish and put up in the best manner, and at short notice, Lighting Rods, Gutters and Pumps of all kinds.
Any orders left at Harrison & Hyatt's, or at the Telegraph Office, will be promptly attended to.
P. PAUL.
September 18, 1858.

JOHN R. GREEN & CO.,
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Perfumery,
FINE TOILET SOAPS,
FINE HAIR and TOOTH BRUSHES,
FANCY AND TOILET ARTICLES,
Dental and Surgical Instruments,
WASHINGTON STREET,
Vicksburg, Miss.
Orders from Merchants, Physicians and Planters solicited.
[Oct. 1, 1858]

REAMS—Small Gilt Letter Paper,
do Pink Note Paper,
do do Assorted White Note Paper,
do Plain and Fancy
do Gilt Note Paper, very small,
do Fancy Paris Billet Paper.
Just received and for sale by
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PATENT MEDICINES.—All the valuable and popular family medicines constantly kept on hand and for sale by
P. B. COOK & CO.

Poetry.

THE ORPHAN GIRL.
FOR THE DEMOCRAT.
"Forget them not! do now their names are but a mournful sound."—Mrs. Hemans.
Alas! how hard it is, to once have known
Life's holiest sympathies—to once have felt
A father's anxious care and mother's love,
True, deep and pure—and then be wildly torn
From that embrace, and to be cast alone,
Upon the mercy of a stranger world,
I now look back upon life's early morn,
And view beyond the mist that veils the past:
The buds and flowers that smiled around my way,
And the beaming orb that shed its glory there;
And then, with the deep anguish, only known
To grief's sad captive, mark the dark, dark hand
Of heartless destiny, that stole me from
That sunny land and cast me here
Upon this gloomy desert.

I read with tearful joy and wild despair,
The lessons by a lovely mother taught,
I see the hallowed spot where oft she knelt
With me, to teach my wayward mind to snar
For happiness beyond this lower world.
I hear her breathe the deep, earnest prayers to God,
To guide her child from sin's delusive paths,
And bid the opening mind for bliss in Heaven.

But now the last dear friend is gone—the last
Bright link, that bound affection's holy urn
To time's dark shore, is broken!—Yet you stream,
Along whose flowery banks I wandered oft,
Flows on, as ever, in its crystal beauty:
Heaven's blue vault above bath all its blaze
Of glory on; the silvery moon sheds forth
Her pale soft beams and lights up yonder field
And wood in more than mortal loveliness.

But all the joys of earth have not the gift
To woo from my hapless spirit one smile.
All the thrilling melodies that stir the world
And wake the dulled apathy to tears
Of joy and inspiration, fall upon
My ear like tones of sadness from some far-off
Melancholy harp, echoing
A mournful dirge to the departed.

And yet I know the world is full of love
And glorious beauty; but fair nature wears
A garb of mourning deep—the tearful eye
And throbbing heart may never penetrate.
Mysterious fate hath cast her fetters o'er
My spirit; and I feel the iron chain
Of destiny upon my once so light
And brightly bounding spirit. The icy hand
Of cold despair hath cold'st heart's choicest flowers
And strewed them o'er the grave of buried hopes,
And shall it thus forever be? shall these
Dread powers, that have domain upon the heart
Reign ever on unconquered? Oh! Thou great
Omnipotence! Thou whose ways are to the eyes
Of man hid by the glories of a boundless
Wisdom! Will Thou not send some power to free
The prisoned heart? Ah, yes! stern death, ere
long.

Shall thou send his garb of terror—kill
Loose the mystic chain and the soul
Shall in triumphant freedom rise to immortality.
NELLIE NORMAN.

HAW BLUFF, YAZOO RIVER.
THE LAST DEVIL'S WALK.
BY CHARLES DICKENS.
From his brimstone bed at break of day
A devil was walking gone—
To trample and cheer the flowers to death,
To infect the air with his pestilent breath,
And to cloud the morning sun.

And pray how was this devil dressed?
Oh! he was cased in an iron vest;
His scales were close and rivets true,
With never a chink for a spear to get thro'.
And over the bill and over the dale,
He walked, and over the plain;
An air-gun, elegant, polished and round,
That would kill miles off with never a sound
He twirled like a harmless cane.

And over the laurels of Full-blown Fame,
And tender shoots of the young Good Name,
He stamp'd with his mercurial hoof of shame,
And he left his print on each.
And backward and forward he wriggled his tail
Through rose-trimm'd garden and lily-strewn
vale,
Marking his course by a loathsome trail,
Like a small-track over a perch.

He spied a laborer hard at work,
Early at his vocation,
His prominence offered a capital shot;
"Oh!" quoth the devil, "he sees me not."
So he shouldered his piece, and "he aim'd," God
wot.

With terrible calculation!
He saw young innocent folks at play,
Blameless, beautiful, wise and gay,
The prospect liked not him.
So a vitriol flask from his pouch he drew,
'Twas a devilish deed and the liquid flew
O'er the fair young group whom he left a crew
Of monsters scarr'd and grim.

He peered in a house; 'twas a goodly manse,
Of time and weather had stood the chance,
And was still erect and fair.
"Ah!" quoth the devil, "the pile looks well,
But I've fire-works studied for nothing in hell,
If I can't find out when a match or shell
May lead to combustion there.

That devil could creep where no other fiend can;
He found an unguarded spot;
Where he scraped a mine with his diligent hoof,
And his train prepared—wall, pillar and roof,
Blew up in the air like shot.

The breach in the roof is mounded now;
'Tis whereabouts few our tell,
But the devil had done his work that day,
So he crawled him back for his master's pay,
Which he royally spent in a jell way,
With the lowest devils in hell.

There are many devils that walk this world,
Devils great and devils small,
Devils with tails and devils without,
Devils who whisper, devils who shout,
Devils who mystify, devils who teach,
But the Colossal Devil—he hard to reach,
As the mast who now sits on some distant beach,
Is digesting the core of my favorite pench,—
Is the shabbiest devil of all!

YOUNG MAN ATTACH YOURSELF TO THE DEMOCRACY.

It is important for every young man to stand right in politics as well as other matters. Those who join the Democracy connect themselves with a permanent organization. The party is co-existent with the foundation of our republican institutions, and three-quarters of the century has so entwined it in the institutions of our country that its existence is fixed and irrevocable so long as our government exists. It has been opposed by various parties in their turn, some of which have had temporary triumphs, but they ultimately fell under the conquering march of the invincible Democracy. The wars of fanaticism have beaten against, and have sometimes almost seemed to engulf it, but animated by the central principle of justice to all classes and conditions of men, it has ever risen in majesty above the raging billows. It has been opposed by the eloquence of Clay and Webster and others of less note, but it has withstood the assaults of all, and the very last act of these great statesmen was to confess their error and commend the Democracy. We may occasionally be outnumbered for a time, but triumph will soon follow. We have shaped the instructions of our country from its foundation, and point with pride to our handiwork, and it is the destiny of the party to guard, protect and uphold the nation until the last line of liberty has been written upon the record of time.

The following gives a historical view of the opposing parties in this country, from the earliest period to the present time. The Opposition to the Democracy, since the organization of the Government, have passed the following laws:

The "Alien Law," in 1793, giving the President (John Adams) the power to order from the country any unnaturalized foreigner he might deem a suspicious person.

The "Sedition Law," passed in 1793, by which any person who wrote or published anything against the President or any of the members of Congress, was liable to be heavily fined and imprisoned, on conviction in the United States Courts.

An act passed in 1793, extending the term of naturalization of foreigners from five to fourteen years.

They passed the General Bankrupt Law in 1841, which enabled such persons who desired to do so to repudiate their old debts.

They favored the high tariff of 1842, taxed the farmers, mechanics and laboring men, and those engaged in commerce, heavily, for the benefit of a few manufacturers in New England.

These are all the important laws the Opposition ever passed. Every one of them was repealed in less than four years after their passage. The Opposition to the Democracy was never continued in power by the people more than one term. They never elected but four Presidents, viz:

John Adams, in 1806.
John Q. Adams, in 1824.
William H. Harrison, in 1840.
Zachary Taylor, in 1848.

The following Presidents were elected by the Democracy against the efforts of the Opposition:

Thomas Jefferson, in 1800.
James Madison, in 1808.
James Monroe, in 1816.
Andrew Jackson, in 1828.
Martin Van Buren, in 1836.
James K. Polk, in 1844.
Franklin Pierce, in 1852.
James Buchanan, in 1856.

At the end of Mr. Buchanan's term in 1861, the Democracy will have had the Presidency forty-eight years to the Opposition's sixteen. The Democrats have had a majority in Congress at least fifty-four years to the Opposition's ten years.

The opposition have opposed vainly and ineffectively the following Democratic measures:

The purchase of the Louisiana Territory in 1802.

They opposed the war with England in 1812.

They were willing the British should search our vessels upon the high seas, and take from them, by force, American seamen.

They opposed the purchase of Florida in 1819.

They opposed the putting down of that dangerous and corrupt institution to the liberties of our country, a mammoth National Bank.

They opposed the adoption of the Independent Treasury law of 1841.

They opposed the annexation of Texas in 1844 and '45.

They opposed the Mexican war in 1846, and sided with the enemies of their country throughout that struggle.

They opposed the purchase of California, New Mexico, and Utah, declaring that those countries were not worth anything, and that we had territory enough.

They opposed the purchase of Arizona in 1854.

They never admitted a State.

They never organized a Territory.

They were also against their country in time of war.

Such are the main exploits of the opposition to the Democracy.

THERE'S A SIGH IN THE HEART.

There's a sigh in the heart. The lips may discourse the language of gaiety, the fair brow beam with pleasure and mirth, yet there may be a sigh in the heart. Beneath the attire of fashionable life may these words be applied. Beneath the vesture of every garment there sometimes swells a sigh from the heart. Reader, do you see that man with all his fine equipage, as he goes bowing along to one, and wishing good cheer to another? You would not suppose that he was unhappy; why need dark clouds arise to darken his horizon? He has every thing that heart can wish in the way of money, but, ah! dear reader, that princely mansion he calls his home is no home for him. No gentle wife stands waiting to welcome him to his home; no glad smiles, no rumping, jouncing children climb upon his knee, and bid him welcome home again. No! instead of a gentle wife greeting him at the door, he enters the parlor, and a lady coldly and formally greets him. A lady of fashion. She sits reading the last new novel, and but glances at him as he takes his accustomed seat at the fireside.

He is weary with the cares of the world; is weary with the coldness and pretence of friendship of earth's fair children; he sees plainly that "all is not gold that glitters."

And while sitting there he wandered back through the dim vista of years to the home of his childhood; he sees again the crackling fire as it rolls up the wide mouthed chimney; he knows that loving hearts were twined around his, and he glances again their kind words as they fall soothingly on his ear. But, as he contemplates that he has risen from a poor farmer's boy, and sees the cold heartings of fashionable life, he sighs deeply, thrillingly, and almost unconsciously. He goes to his daily office and meets his fashionable friends; he wears a smile on his brow; there is joy beaming from his sparkling eye, but down deep in his heart he covers his sorrows, so that none shall see him only as the rich merchant of — street, the leader of fashion, and the gay and witty companion. But there's a sigh in his heart though the friends know it not.

Reader, do you see that prima donna, in all her beauty, as she gathers the rich bouquets that have fallen at her feet? Do you hear her charming voice as she finishes the last stanza, and receives the cheers of an assembled multitude; who would imagine there was sorrow there? Who would imagine, to look on her lovely face and beauteous form, there was a sigh in her heart? Yet the curtain is hardly closed after her retreating figure, ere a sigh, which seems to rend the very fountain of life, escapes in an unobscured groan, and she exclaims, vanity, vanity! Many persons would give thousands and thousands to be cheered by a multitude as she has been, but, ah! they little know that beneath all this glittering paraphernalia beats a sorrowing heart with many a sigh.

Look at that drunkard, as he reels along the homeward path, and see the author of many sighs; a fond, gentle wife stands waiting the return of him who vowed to love and cherish her until death, the final conqueror had parted them. Once she was happy in that love, but now it is turned to sorrow. Once she stood waiting to hear his gentle footsteps and kind voice, but now how changed! Instead of kind words and loving smiles his smile is a demon's smile, and his kind words are turned to bitter curses; and the heart that once was happy knows no more happiness; the heart that once was full of joy now is full of sighs. The world is full of them; they may be heard coming across the lowly wave in a dismal dirge.

"They're echoed on the evening breeze—
They're heard on desert plains;
In mournful voices through the trees
We hear them come again."

HOW HE GOT A CALL.—Innocent people have often been surprised at public meetings to see with what enthusiasm and unanimity persons scattered in all quarters of an audience shout for particular speakers. They regard such manifestations as unmistakable evidence of the popularity of the person called for. At a Republican meeting in Indiana, the other day, a speaker named Long, responded to a loud call and took the stand; but a big, strapping fellow persisted in crying out, in stentorian voice, "Long! Long!" This caused a little confusion, but after some difficulty in making himself heard, the President succeeded in stating that Mr. Long, the gentleman honored by the call, was now addressing them. "Oh, he be d—!" replied the fellow; "he's the little skeezicks that told me to call for Long!" This brought down the house.

This age should be characterized in history as the age of *lager-beer*!

Neighbor T—had a social party at his house a few evenings since, and the "dear boy," Charles, a five year old colt, was favored with permission to be seen in the parlor. "Pa" was somewhat proud of his boy, and Charles was, of course, elaborately gotten up for so great an occasion. Among other extras, the little fellow's hair was treated to a liberal supply of eau de cologne, to his huge gratification. As he entered the parlor, and made his bow to the ladies and gentlemen—

"Looker here," said he proudly, "if any of you smells a smell, that's me!"

The effect was decided, and Charles, having thus in one brief sentence delivered an illustrative essay on human vanity, was the hero of the evening.

Prentice wishes that the individual who invented what was called the *paying out* machinery for the *Niagara* and *Acme*—namely, would get up a little machine of the sort to be used in the case of every newspaper subscriber.

GEORGIA—THERE SHE STANDS, LOOK AT HER.

Georgia has over twelve hundred miles of railroad built and paid for, and yielding to the stockholders more than an average of seven per cent. yearly dividends.

Within the next year, two hundred miles of additional road, completed and equipped, will be in operation. These roads, with but a single exception, are mainly the results of the enterprise, the energy and capital of our own people.

We have cotton and wool and paper factories, rolling mills, foundries and machine shops—merchant mills—marble yards—gold and copper and coal mines—all in a flourishing condition, and remunerating the proprietors by handsome returns on the capital invested.

The cotton crop of the present year will bring twenty-five millions of dollars at present prices. The crop of cereals is worth twice that sum—the sugar and tobacco crop not being included in the account.

The state tax is not quite one-twelfth of one per cent.—the net income of the state road will be three hundred thousand dollars. The state debt amounts to about two millions, and a tax of one-fifth of one per cent. would pay it in two years. Our Banks are solvent—our merchants in the best of credit, and the people generally out of debt, with full crops of cotton, corn, &c., on hand.

The country is healthy, with the exception of the epidemic in Savannah. We have six male colleges, and colleges for the fair sex in almost every village containing five hundred inhabitants, in the state. Looking to this statement of facts, is there a state in Christendom in the enjoyment of so many of the material elements of comfort, prosperity and success, as the great State of Georgia. If then, at this time, she occupies so proud a position, what will she be when all her projected lines of railroad are completed—when the mines of gold and copper and coal that now lie deep in the bosom of her mountains, are opened, and their rich deposits brought to market—when instead of but a fourth, as she now has, of her rich lands in cultivation, the full half of the rich valleys in the north shall bear a golden harvest, and the plains of the south and west shall be white with the kindly staple. When that day shall come, Georgia will not only be the empire state of the south, but the empire state of the world.—*Georgia Telegraph.*

FATAL EFFECTS OF SOMNAMBULISM.—The St. Louis Republic of late date, has the following sad story, the result of sleep walking:

Friday evening a farmer named John Bray, from Indiana, who was removing to some point on the Missouri river with his wife, father-in-law and four children, came in on the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad. Being in straitened circumstances, the family obtained permission to stop for the night in a small room on the ferry dock at the foot of Carr street. Between twelve and one o'clock in the night Bray arose, in his sleep, and taking his youngest child, aged three years, in his arms, actually walked from the room and into the water! The pious wailing cries of the child, and the loud calls of the father for help, soon drew a number of persons to the melancholy scene from adjacent places on the levee. Before humanity could resolve on any means of rescuing the drowning objects, both had sunk to be seen no more alive. We have rarely been called on to record a more appalling casualty.

THE LAST MAN.—A Cincinnati paper notices the solitary banquet of a "last man" club in that city. In the chelera season of 1832, seven gentlemen agreed to meet annually and dine once together as long as they lived, a bottle of wine to be sealed and drunk in memoriam by the last survivor. The first reunion on the 6th of October, 1832, and on the 6th of October, 1838, Dr. Vatter, sole survivor of the seven, drank from the bottle and pledged the six dead friends, whose empty chairs and empty plates were his only society at the last melancholy feast.

A letter from New York in the Charleston Courier, says:
"A plan is on foot for the establishment of a library and reading room for working women. A very large and enthusiastic meeting to inaugurate the movement has been held, and several thousand dollars already contributed. There are eighty thousand working girls in this city, who, as a general thing, have no place of resort, where they can receive instruction, or derive the pleasure to be had from good books."

Great men never swell, it is only three-cent individuals who are "swelled" at the rate of two hundred dollars a year, and dine on potatoes and dried herring, who put on airs and flashy waistcoats, swell, puff, blow, and endeavor to give themselves a consequential appearance. No discriminating person can ever mistake the sources for the genuine article. The difference between the two is as great as that between a bottle of vinegar and a bottle of the pure juice of the grape.

At a recent trial before a Justice, the following query occurred:
Counsel—"Didn't you tell Hopper to go to the devil?"
Witness—"I rather think I did."
Counsel—"Well, did he go?"
Witness—"I believe not, but if he did he made a quick trip of it, for I met him the next day."

Shun the man who doesn't pay his compliments to the ladies. He who is wanting in honor towards curls, will invariably attempt to dodge the grocer, tailor, and butcher—Faithfulness to the dimity institution is a sure sign of a want of principle, piety, and a good bringing up.

ILL-MANNERED CHILDREN.

Home-training in our country must be deficient in some important particulars, if we can rely on the uniform opinions of travelers from the old world. Our public schools and Sunday-schools do not supply the deficiency, and it is possible that the greatest of the evils experienced may lead to efficient measures for their correction. An English lady speaks in a very disparaging style of the manners and training of American children:

"Sadness fills the mind to see how early infantile playfulness and grace are forgotten, and wither even before budding. The passion for jewelry is instilled in the cradle. It is distressing to see nursery girls with rings and bracelets, and so on upward through all the gradations of age. It is especially American, and we must suppose this fashion is borrowed from the Indians. Then, again, before they can spell or read fluently, they 'talk,' and are put boldly through the deforming manipulation of the dancing-master, as if the dancing-master could give them that genuine graceful deportment which the French call *tenue*. Their little embryo minds and hearts are already poisoned with egotism and love of show. They have *hobby*, and receive calls, banquets, make appointments; rivalry and envy in their ugliest shape early take possession of their souls.

For years I have observed this disease all over the country, in cities where I have seen society. Above all, it is painful to one's feelings at the hotels and watering places. When I see here, in the evenings, in the parlors, rolls of these little dolls and fops, dressed, ribboned, jeweled, fanning themselves monkey-like, in imitation of the elder part of society, I feel an almost irresistible itching in the fingers to pinch their mamma's. Nurseries seem not to exist in America. In this respect the manner of bringing up children is far superior all over the continent of Europe. There children are kept children as long as possible, and all care of parents and families is bestowed to watch over the tender blossoms, and preserve them from the heating, unwholesome influence of parties and society company. It was so once likewise in England, and the bad example given by the reigning Queen, who, in over fondness for her numerous progeny, originated, or at least made fashionable, these juvenile parties, in which children, fully equipped in all the frills and oddities of grown up persons, represented withered dwarfs. One thing is certain, that no such awkward, affected, distorted creatures are to be met in America, in streets, public and private parlors, at juvenile and grown-up parties, are the 'little children' called to himself by the immortal Teacher of simplicity, love and sincerity."

THE JOHNSONS DIDN'T ASSOCIATE WITH EVERYBODY.—Among the thousands who assembled at Indianapolis to welcome Colonel Johnson, of Kentucky, when he made his election tour through the Western States in 1840, was "old Charlie," a negro who was once the servant of the Colonel, but was now free and settled in Indiana. Charlie was now in full feather. He took the old soldier under his protection, installed himself doorkeeper, and no one was permitted to shake hands with his former master, unless by Charlie's introduction. While the crowd was at the door a portly, pompous man came up, and taking the negro by the hand, said:

"How do 'do, Charlie? glad to see you!"

Charlie's dignity was touched by this familiarity, and he refused to recognize the gentleman.

"Why, I used to know you," said the man, "when you belonged to Col. Johnson."

"Very likely, sir, very likely," replied Charlie, "there was a great many people that knew us Johnsons that we didn't know—The Johnsons didn't associate with everybody!"—*Harper's Driveler.*

A clergyman, entertaining the youth of his parish, put the first question in Heidelberg Catechism to a girl, thus:

"What is your only consolation in life or in death?"

The poor girl smiled, and no doubt felt very queer, but she gave no answer. The priest insisted.

"Well, then," said she, "if I must tell it, it is Henry, the little shoemaker that wears the striped jacket!"

A woman, in Cincinnati, Ohio, stated in the Police Court, last week, that not a single word of conversation had passed between her and her husband for the past twenty years! They have lived in the same house together, and a part of the time dined at the same table, and yet not uttered a word to each other for nearly a quarter of a century.

Cash helps along courting amazingly—it is astonishing what it will do towards expanding the feminine heart and getting into the father's house. An old ignoramus with a long purse can outshine a young man with more brain than spelter. Did you ever notice that?

"Jonathan, where were you going yesterday, when I saw you going to the mill?"

"Why, I was going to the mill, to be sure."

"Well, I wish to T—en you, I'd get you to carry a girl for me!"

"Why, in that case, I didn't you!"

"Yes, but not until you got clear out of sight."